

The Carlsbad Current

SEVENTEENTH YEAR

CARLSBAD NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1909

NUMBER 47

"CHAPPO" IS KILLED

Another Hidalgo, who had Been Staying With Him for Some Time, is the Slayer

SAYS HE WAS BEWITCHED

Slayer Believes he did a Good Turn to the Community by Killing a Witch.

Francisco Sanchez, better known as "Chappo" was murdered in a most fiendish manner at his little shack on Greene street about midnight last Saturday night by another Mexican who gives the name of Rosilio Rubalcava.

About fifteen minutes before twelve o'clock the neighborhood in the vicinity of the Fire hall was awakened by loud shrieks and cries and indistinct yells at the little shacks which have been occupied by Mexicans and negroes on the alley at the rear of the vacant store building, which has been used as a warehouse for feed stuffs, but as the disturbance was not very unusual no heed was paid to it until a negro boy by the name of Watson who lives in the building adjoining the one in which Chappo lived was aroused from his slumbers and went outside to see what was the disturbance. He saw a Mexican with a big rock in one hand and a knife in the other trying to break into the little shack occupied by Chappo. Watson spoke to him and tried to drive him away but the intruder paid no attention to him, even after he appeared on the scene with a gun. The trouble seeker was determined to gain an entrance and Watson, realizing that there would be trouble, ran across to the Missouri hotel and telephoned for the officers. By the time he returned the door had been battered down and the two Mexicans were out on the ground still fighting. Chappo underneath, and his adversary was sitting astride of him jabbing him in the head with a knife, the blade of which had been broken half in two in the struggle. It being dark Watson did not know at the time that the fighting man had a knife. He spoke again to him and with that he jumped from off of his victim and made a lunge for Watson who dealt him an "upper-cut" which sent him sprawling into the pathway in front of the house and then the Mexican ran into the street and gathered an armful of rocks and opened a fusillade upon the colored man, which caused the latter to beat a hasty retreat.

At this juncture the officers appeared on the scene and arrested the fighting hombre and took him to jail. Watson went to the assistance of Chappo, who asked to be carried into the house, saying he was cold. Watson asked him if he was able to walk and he replied "No." He offered no explanation for the cause of the trouble which led up to the killing.

The body was taken in charge by the undertaker and an examination revealed the fact that he had been stabbed many times with a knife which was the immediate cause of death. The authorities decided no inquest was necessary.

A representative of the Current called at the jail Monday afternoon and through the services of A. B. Carlisle, who is acting court interpreter, gleaned the following story from the prisoner:

He stated that his name was Rosilio Rubalcava and that he was about twenty-one years of age; his home is in Aguascalientes, in the state of Jalisco, Mexico. His parents are dead but he has a brother and sister and god-father living at or near his former home. He came to the United States about a year ago, first to California; about nine months ago he came to New Mexico where he has since remained. He worked for some time on the railroad as a section hand but for the past few

weeks has been employed near Lakewood as a sheep herder. He came to town last Saturday night with about \$45. He spent a portion of his money for clothing, a pair of felt boots and underwear which he had with him on his bed near the scene where the killing took place. He did not drink and was not under the influence of liquor when arrested. He had his own "tarp" and blankets, all of which were comparatively new and clean. He said he slept under a tree somewhere in town Saturday night, but Sunday night he made his bed down close to the shack of Chappo, who had been his friend since he came to town.

He says he does not know what time it was when he went to bed, but after he had been asleep he discovered that Chappo was "bewitched." He said he saw cats and dogs and indefinite forms of all kinds before his (Chappo's) door and that he called to him to come out and he refused to come. Then he attempted to go inside and as the door was locked he tried to force an entrance. He used a big rock which would probably weigh ten pounds to batter in the door, after which he killed his bewitched friend with his knife.

Through Mr. Carlisle, who has spent many years as a missionary in Mexico and is thoroughly conversant with Mexicans and their customs, it was learned that in the republic when any one of their number is believed to be bewitched they are set upon by their brothers and killed and Rosilio was simply following the laws and customs of his home country by doing what he has been taught to believe is right and proper.

When searched at the jail he had only \$4.55 in his possession and could give no account of the remainder of his money. He did not know what had become of it.

He is a peculiar specimen of a human being. He converses in an intelligent manner and seems to be rational and sane except for the hallucination relative to the witches which he asserts most positively he saw issuing from the door of his victim's shack and also many other indefinite and indescribable forms which were floating in the air before the door. As he was not intoxicated the presumption is that he is mentally unbalanced.

To the interpreter he conversed fluently and freely, telling him about his coming to the United States and about his relatives and also about the killing. He sat in his cell wrapped in a bed quilt and kept his head buried in his hands save for an instant when he raised up to accept some cigarette papers and tobacco which were handed him through the bars of the cell. He is a neat, well groomed looking Mexican and although depressed and down cast, was an intellectual appearing man.

As the grand jury is in session at this time his case was turned over to them for investigation.

Chappo was a town character. He has resided in Carlsbad for many years, the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. If he was ever married no one here knows anything about it as he had no family living here with him. He was born in Mexico and was presumably about sixty years old. He seldom worked but seemed to have enough money to live on in his humble way. At his little shack he often took in his Mexican brothers who came to town and spent too much of their time and money at the saloons and he would give them his bed, for a small charge, until they had recovered from their drunk. He was a favorite chief for several of the hunters who organize a party each season and spend several weeks in the mountains in search of large game. He was a good cook and understood thoroughly the ingredients and proportions of the "Willow Lake." He was a quiet harmless and faithful old soul

who kept his own council and with one eye crossed he usually saw every thing going on around him. He was quite generally liked among his own people and also among the whites. It was never predicted by his friends that he would come to such a tragic end.

Money to Loan

Apply at office of C. A. Hunker in the Doepp building opposite the court house.

NOTICE.

Parties driving autos between Carlsbad via Monument and Knowles to the state line and from there to Midland via Seminole and Shafter Lake are hereby notified that the auto road was built by the Midland-Seminole Auto Co. which holds a franchise from the board of county commissioners of Eddy county, N. M., and from the Texas authorities. The charges for running autos over the road are reasonable, only two cents per mile or three cents per mile when a round trip is made, for private cars only. That is for parties who own cars carrying themselves and families. This toll is used to help keep the road in repair and is a very light toll considering the expense of keeping up the road. Cars carrying passengers are not allowed on the road.

MIDLAND-SEMINOLE AUTO CO.

David Bispham, Barytone

Below is given a few interesting facts concerning Mr. David Bispham, the famous barytone, who will give a song recital in Roswell, Nov. 15, at the Armory building. This is the first of the six numbers which will be given during the season.

LATEST FICTION

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The course is under the auspices of the Apollo Club, the great Roswell musical organization, of which Mr. Albert A. White is the founder and director.

"A singer must live what he sings and must sing because he must—because it is impossible for him to keep from singing," said David Bispham, the great barytone. "One must sing his very soul into his song, having grasped the motive and spirit in which the musician lived when he gave expression to his feelings, because the best music is the expression of emotion that could find no other suitable outlet save through the medium of music."

Mr. Bispham knows. He is an artist, every inch of him—the finely proportioned massive head; the clear sympathetic eye, and the rich resonant voice—all bespeak the presence of a musical and artistic spirit, ripened and mellowed by age.

It was in his thirty-fifth year that Mr. Bispham left the business world, in which he had been engaged in a large firm in Philadelphia, conducted by relatives, to give his entire time to music.

"It might be said that the best thing a singer can have is a voice, or something else might be said to be the most essential element, but I think that the prime requisite is good parents. Why? Because John or Mary who has a good voice, may be petted and spoiled until they are ruined, when a careful guardianship would avoid such pitfalls."

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Huge Crowd Gathers from far and Near to Honor Mr. Hagerman's Memory.

ARMORY IS OVERCROWDED

Largest Hall in Roswell Fails to Hold Crowd McLenathen Does Himself Proud.

At three o'clock Sunday afternoon the people of the Pecos Valley met at the Armory building in Roswell to honor the memory of the late James John Hagerman. The special train from Carlsbad and the lower valley arrived at two o'clock, bringing about four hundred people, while the regular of the early morning brought many. By three o'clock the Armory was filled to overflowing and many people were turned away, unable to gain admittance. Though the seating capacity of the building is about fourteen hundred, it was not large enough to contain the immense throng, which gathered to pay its last respect to this great man.

The stage was banked high with flowers and green and back of this mass of bloom stood stalks of ripened corn, from the Hagerman ranch, it being of a peculiar variety in which Mr. Hagerman had taken a special interest. The stage

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Too much praise cannot be given to this excellent organization, which is doing so much to raise the standard of music in the Pecos valley. To Mr. Albert White director of the Apollo Club, is due the major portion of the praise for the good work done, and all the musical element of the valley who are interested in the bringing in of high-class attractions should cooperate with him and assist him in every possible way. The splendid address of Mr. C. H. McLenathen, our esteemed fellow townsman, will be found in the Current next week in its entirety. In this address Mr. McLenathen not only did honor to himself but to the entire lower valley, which he represented.

A Cow Girl Maud Muller

Maud Muller lit in her cowboy saddle
In the fin de siecle mode d'astraddle
She gave a yell and away she went.
In the style that the natives call hell-bent.
The broncho bucked in the usual way.
But Maud was there, and was there to stay.
He bucked the scales from his unshod feet.
But he couldn't budge the gal from her seat.
She sat her saddle, nor did she pause
In chewing the gum in her fearless jaws!

The broncho bucked till its limbs were sore,
Then gathered courage and bucked some more.
Then hit the plain and ambled along.
While Maudie sang it a rag-time song.
The Judge was out on his ranch that day,
Soliciting votes for the usual pay.
And he watched the gal with admiring eyes,
And belched up quite a number of sighs.

And he said to himself, "With her for a wife
How we'd cake-walk down the path of life!"
When Maud came back with the fat beef steer
She'd gone to hunt he obtained her ear.
And he filled it full of a plea that she
Was just the sort of a peach for he.
He told of a mansion in the town
With never a mortgage to hold it down.
He sang of the glitter of city life,
And the honor of being his honor's wife.
Of gowns cut down to the limit, just
As worn by the ladies of unshrunk bust.

He gazed at the Judge's
That ran
From his double chin to his short legs,
And remarked in a modest way
That she reckoned he'd made a

Aycock-Wise

Mr. Carl Aycock and Miss Annie Wise were married Sunday at Portales, by Rev. W. L. Hicks, of that place. The charming bride is the daughter of Mr. N. Wise of Portales and the groom is an energetic and enterprising young man, who has recently taken charge of the Mansion house in this city. The happy young couple have many friends, both here and at Knowles, who wish them happiness and prosperity throughout their wedded life.

Sunday's Excursion

Among those who attended the Hagerman Memorial service at Roswell Sunday were, C. H. McLenathen, wife and son, Tom, I. S. Osborne and wife, L. F. Fuoss and wife, A. N. Pratt, F. G. Tracy, W. T. Reed, G. M. Cooke, Clarence Bell, A. G. Shelby, J. D. Walker, A. M. Hove and niece, C. L. Dailey, R. Ohnemus, wife and daughter, B. F. Rose and family, J. O. McKeen, Wm. Leck, V. L. Minter, Ambrose Lowenbruck, Ora Nymeyer, L. M. Strang, Mrs. Swain, George Adams, E. M. House, Sam Aikens, J. A. Stobaugh, Murray Johnson, Dick Johns, Paul Ayres, Walter Thayer and many others whose names could not be learned.

Oscar Thompson, the veteran plains cowboy, is here this week.

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